

the GRIDLEY WAVE #3

CONTACTING THE WORLDS OF EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

A BURROUGHS BULLETIN PUBLICATION, THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY AUTHORIZED EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS FANZINE

TARZAN FANS ARISE!

The Los Angeles Times is the latest newspaper with a large circulation to drop United Feature Syndicate's TARZAN strip. The Times sees a recent reader survey showed that TARZAN was way down on the list of public interest. This is hard to believe! Tarzan books continue to sell, printing after printing, in both hard covers and pocket editions, here and abroad. The Tarzan theatrical film is Hollywood's annual sure-fire money-maker. The Tarzan series, now being viewed on TV, has proved to be one of the most popular revival of old movie series since the Shirley Temple films were sold on a package deal. Hardly a day goes by without Tarzan being mentioned in print or on the air. The Tarzan yell is a standard gag on the Jack Parr show. There is still plenty of public interest in the apeman! It is the strip and Dell's comic book version that is really doing the greatest harm to Tarzan. If the Tarzan strip is lagging in popularity and public interest, it is the fault of the unimaginative portrayal the feature receives in the editorial offices at UF and Dell, and in the hands of tired artists and writers.

John Celardo, UPS's Tarzan artist, is a competent talent whose drawings in the daily strip show painstaking care. However, Celardo devotes so much time to the daily strip that his Sunday Tarzan episodes have to be rushed and the haste shows through on the weekly color page. The obvious answer here, to improve the strip, is to let Celardo continue the daily strip while the Sunday page is illustrated by another artist. A plan that worked with fine results in the days of Hogarth, Foster and Robinson.

Bill Elliott, the script writer for both the daily and Sunday strips, obviously knows nothing about Tarzan's history. He has the ap-man acting more like a missionary than a man-of-action, and action is sadly missing from the stories. In the current Sunday episodes Tarzan is teaching his pet lion, Mingo, (short for guess what...and what ever became of Jed-bal-jah?) how to behave like Lassie. Frankly, Elliott's script-o of Tarzan-o is stink-o!

Jesse Marsh, Dell's artist for the Tarzan magazine, has a unique style all his own. He is an excellent hand at portraying animals and unusual backgrounds. Some of his finer work can be seen each Sunday in Walt Disney's TREASURY OF CLASSIC TALES. Marsh is perhaps one of the fastest working artists in the business, but the strain of turning out a weekly comic strip feature, plus several issues of comic books each month, is beginning to show in the quality of the artist's work. And it shows the most in the bi-monthly Tarzan magazine. Jesse is tired...and his Tarzan looks tired too!

Dell's Tarzan scripter is at least familiar with ERB's Tarzan. His trouble lies in trying to combine the movie version with ERB's and moving all the lost titles and races, including those of the Pellucidar stories, into Pel-lu-don. The excesses of all these characters provide some of the dullest and motionless stories in comic book history. Here, again, we have Tarzan out of the

trees and on a stump, filling balloon after balloon with un-Tarzan-like sermons. The stories are so boring that one wonders if the Dell scripter and Bill Elliott are not one and the same person...namely Gaylord DuBois.

Tarzan has public interest, but the UPS and Dell are not providing the one thing the public expects of Tarzan: ACTION! Pulse-pounding, tree swinging, ACTION! Strange lands and mysterious peoples, ACTION! Terrific battles with men and beast, ACTION! Tarzan is one of the most dynamic characters ever created. The very sound of the name inspires thoughts of heroic deeds, superhuman conquests, strange and forbidden lands, but above all ACTION! ACTION! ACTION!

Many fans, whose only interest in Tarzan is the written word of ERB, will look down on the foregoing as so much unimportant nonsense. But I know hundreds of fans who are interested in the Tarzan comics. Burroughs, if he were alive today, would be concerned with the treatment his most famous character is receiving at the hands of Dell and UPS, if for no better reason than the fact that Tarzan comics are making less money. Dell has dropped to bi-monthly publications, UPS' strip is being dropped by more and more papers, and would probably be operating in the red if it was not for the continued interest and re-printings of the feature in foreign countries.

This mutilation of the legend of Tarzan by the comics has to stop. But what can be done about it? It is we, the purchasers of the product, who have to make our wishes known...and scattered letters from Tarzan fans all over the country are bound to stimulate some sort of action from the editors at Dell and United Features. So grab a pen and paper and write. WE WANT TO REVIVE EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS' APZEMAN; THE VITAL, DYNAMIC, TREE-SWINGING JUNGLE SUPERMAN!

SHORT WAVES

Johany Weissmuller houseguesting with Sally and Rudy Simpson in San Rafael, out loose with his Tarzan yell (by request) last April 8th...at the exact moment the earthquake struck...JW can also be "heard" on the new Clark O'Connell commercial and was "seen" on TV's CELEBRITY GOLF recently...Buster Crabbe starred in TV's Master spec MARINELAND CIRCUS...David Markay, the original Jesse, met the new Jesse, Joanna Barnes, when the latter guested on BRINGING UP BUDDY...Denny Miller showed up on WAGON TRAIN with a hair tint, a nose-bob and a new name. He'll be Scott Miller in future bookings...The Los Angeles Times-Mirror has purchased controlling interest in Four Square Books Ltd., the British paperback publishing firm that has been reprinting the Burroughs novels...DO'S MISSION X IN STAR SPANGLED WAR STORIES is blurred as the war that time forgot and is reminiscent of a certain land. It's in PSC, May '61 issue.

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John Harwood Burroughs Bibliophile



Edgar Rice Burroughs had written his first novel, *UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS*, and had it published in the *ALL-STORY MAGAZINE* the year before I was born. However, it wasn't until 1922, when I was eight years old, that I read my first book by the author. A cousin had received a copy of *THE SON OF TARZAN* for a Christmas present a couple of days before my birthday and it wasn't until after the first of the year that he had finished it and let me read it. Up to that time, I had thought Tom Swift and his various inventions was the tops in reading entertainment. I changed my mind and thought that I had discovered an even greater hero than the young inventor after reading my first Tarzan book. Because of the fact that most of the action of the book was concerned with the adventures of the son of Tarzan, I formed the impression that Korak was a greater fighter than Tarzan.

Later, I found out that another cousin owned four more of the Tarzan books (*TARZAN OF THE APES*, *TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR*, *TARZAN THE TERRORIST* and *TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION*). It was then I learned that Tarzan was a better jungle fighter than his son.

When my cousins outgrew their interest in Tarzan they turned the books over to me, thus making a start to my collection.

It was a few years later that I discovered that ERB (I didn't refer to him by that term at that time) also wrote other types of books. I was especially interested in the Mars books featuring John Carter, the Warlord of Mars. All the swordplay in the stories reminded me a lot of the Douglas Fairbanks pictures which I was following faithfully at the time.

I was confused by some of the titles on the jackets of the books. Usually the Tarzan and Mars series were listed separately and all the rest of the titles were lumped together in another list. When I read *AT THE RAINBOW'S CORE*, I noticed there was a book entitled *PELLUCIDIAN* in the miscellaneous list. As the name had occurred in the first of the series, I knew there must be more than just the book I had read. I wondered if there were more than just the two titles in the series of adventures at the center of the earth. I also noticed that unlike the Tarzan and Mars series there was no similarity in the titles. By this, I mean that in the Tarzan series, the name Tarzan appeared in every title. The word Mars appeared in all the Mars series titles. If the two Pellucidian books didn't contain the name in both titles, then perhaps the other titles in the series wouldn't be similar. Following this line of reasoning, I picked out the titles that I thought might be others in the Pellucidian series. These were: *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT*, *THE GAVE GIRL* and *THE ETERNAL LOVER*. If *JUNGLE GIRL* had been in print at that time I would have added that to the list. I was to discover later that I was wrong in every title I picked.

When the old *LITERARY DIGEST* published the article entitled *HOW TARZAN MET THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR* in the November 30, 1929 issue, I became a fan of Burroughs, the man, as well as Burroughs the writer. For a long while, this was the only item of a biographical nature in my ERB collection. Then the July 29, 1939 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* published the article *HOW TO BECOME A GREAT WRITER* by Alva Johnston. After adding this to my collection, I decided to see

if many such articles had been written about the author or his works. Armed with a pencil and paper, I invaded the reference room of the local library and searched through some of the various indexes and compiled a long list of magazine articles that had been written over the years. As some of the magazines were still available in the library, I took them out, a few at a time, starting with the oldest ones first and copied the articles for my notebooks. Then in various reference books at the library I found brief articles about the author which I copied by hand and transferred as typed copies to my notebooks when I got home. This was the start of my collection of biographical and critical material about ERB and his works.

I was born and raised in the Old Whaling City and have worked in the textile mills all my life. It was through my job in one of the mills that I first became aware that there was a large group of ERB fans in the country. A fellow worker, who knew that I was interested in science fiction, supplied me with book issues of the magazines. Back in 1947 I read a letter in the reader's column of one of these magazines by a fan who mentioned several Burroughs stories that had never appeared in book form. As I had never heard of these stories, I wrote to the writer of the letter asking for information about them. He replied with a long and interesting letter giving me the facts about these stories. He suggested that we continue our correspondence and we have been in touch with one another ever since. In this way, I first became acquainted with Vern Gorsall.

In one of his first letters, Vern told me that he had been thinking of starting a fanzine to be devoted to the subject of ERB and his works. He wanted my opinion on the subject. I replied that it sounded like an excellent idea but didn't think that he could gather enough material to keep up publication for any length of time. In his next letter he stated that if enough fans sent in articles on various phases of ERB's life and works he might succeed. He asked me to expand some of the ideas I had mentioned in one of my letters into an article. I wrote an article which I entitled *THE UNWRITTEN STORIES OF ERB* and sent it to him. That is how I started writing for the fanzine.

Vernell, with the help of many of the fans, really surprised me with the number of issues he has turned out in spite of my prediction that he couldn't compile enough material to keep the mag going.

Besides writing for the Bulletin, I have also written a few articles for the *BIBLIOPHILE*, *RE-RAMA* and *ERB-dom*, but most of my output goes to Vernell's original and only authorized sine.

Some of my correspondents have expressed wonder at my extensive knowledge of the events in the works. This is simply explained by the fact that I have read all the books through at least three times. Others, especially the earlier Tarzans that formed the start of my collection, I have read over a dozen times. In this way, by repetition, I have an idea of where to find certain events in the books. Even so, sometimes I find that I'm not infallible. A couple of years ago I wanted to quote a passage in one of the books comparing Tarzan's strength to that of a circus strong man. Try as I would, I couldn't find the passage. Of course, I could have started with *TARZAN OF THE APES* and kept going until I ran across the passage but didn't have the time.

The above is just an example to show that although I know a lot about the events in the books, there is still a lot that I don't know. Maybe other fans could have turned right to that particular passage without any trouble.

Although I am a member of the *BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES*, I feel out of place in the club. My

collection of books consists of only one copy of each title plus a few of the unpublished magazine stories. My interest in the hobby lies more in the contents of the books than in the books themselves. Thus, if I had half a dozen copies of TARGAN OF THE APES in its different editions and wanted to look up the details of Targan's fight with Kerchack, I would need only one book to do any research. I mentioned this to Vernell when he wanted me to write about my collection for this series of articles on the many collectors of ERB's works and associated material. I thought that an article about myself would be taking up space that could be better occupied with a story about a fan with a big collection that was really worth writing about. In reply, he told me that the true test of a bibliophile lies not so much in the size of his collection as it does in the interest he takes in the subject. According to this test, he thinks that I qualify as a member even though my collection is small.

—John Harwood

BO: John Harwood has devoted countless hours of his time to research on articles and the compilation of information about ERB and his works that has proved most beneficial to Burroughs fans and collectors. Every ERB enthusiast owes Harwood a nod of thanks...for through his efforts many an ERB item has been rescued from oblivion by being brought to the attention of collectors. Burroughs, himself, after reading Harwood's articles in the BB, said: "I am amazed at the knowledge John Harwood has of my stories. As a matter of fact, he knows more about them than I do." In my opinion, John Harwood is more of a BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILE than 99 % of us.

Elmo Lincoln, no stranger on channel alley, (his Targan film was the first viewed on TV back in the 40's) was seen briefly in THE MOVIES GOLDEN AGE and CBS' May 11th report, CENSORSHIP AND THE MOVIES. In the latter, 1918 blue-noes complained that Elmo's chest was exposed...and it was; but to bare it, he had to shave daily. There is talk that a TV comedy series will be made of Elmo's Targan pix. It's to be called TARPOT!

THE BB'S

Not long after I published the first issue of THE BURROUGHS BULLETIN, I began to consider the possibility of organizing a Burroughs fan club. The idea was discussed at various times with wk fans like Al Howard, Sten Vinson, John Harwood, Maurice Gardner, Perry Ackerman and others. All agreed that there was need for such an organization.

I finally obtained permission to organize THE BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES from Mr. Ralph Rothmund, General Manager of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc., with the understanding that I would in no way connect ERB, Inc., with the club activities or use the club as a means for capital gain.

It was my intention to hold the organizational meeting at the Pittcon last Sept. When I found it was going to be impossible to attend the sci-fi convention in Pittsburgh, I asked BobHyde, who had handled the ERB discussion panel so well at the previous year's con, to take over for me. I am happy to report that Bob and about 30 other ERB fans who attended the first meeting have put the show on the road.

As you know, the works and by-products of ERB cover a wide variety of interests: books, magazines, comics, films, radio, television, art, (some of the world's best artists have illustrated ERB's works; St. John, Schoonover, Matania, Foster, C. L. Bull, Stoops, etc.) Regardless of what your interest in ERB may be...perhaps you are interested in finding a Jetan partner...you are welcome in THE BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES!

BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES ORGANIZATIONAL MEETING

September 4, 1960

BOB HYDE PRESIDING:

The first subject of discussion was the title of the club. It was decided that the name THE BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES would be used.

The question then arose as to the purpose of the club. 1. It would serve to bring ERB fans closer together and, by contacting one another, enable collectors to be of mutual assistance to each other. 2. It would try to accomplish many things left dormant in the past. Such as publishing a complete Burroughs Bibliography, with supplements appearing, as new material is discovered, in the club's official publication.

It was decided that the official club organ will be the BURROUGHS BULLETIN or THE GRIDLEY WAVE, or both.

It was decided that the club would be a correspondence club, due to the world-wide dispersion of fans.

A motion was made to elect officers; it was seconded. Officers will hold office for a period of one year, or until the club reaches a membership totaling one hundred members, at which time a vote will be taken by mail. The following were elected by unanimous vote:

President-	Clarence (Bob) Hyde
Vice President-	Stanleigh B. Vinson
Editor-	Vernell Coriell
Secretary-	Robert Horvath
Treasurer-	Charles N. Reinsel

A motion was made for club dues; it was discussed, then seconded. Initial year dues, subject to change at a later date, will be \$1.00 (one dollar).

Membership cards will be printed and issued to members as soon as possible.

In the future, each meeting of THE BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES will be referred to as a "BUN-BUN". As Al Howard put it: "Where the bulls get together and howl."

The next official "BUN-BUN" will be held during the 12th Midwest Science Fiction Convention at the North Plaza Hotel, 7911 Reading Road, Cincinnati 37, Ohio. The Midwestcon dates are June 23, 24, 26. The "BUN-BUN" will be held Saturday June 24, 1961, at 11:00 PM. There is no registration fee for the convention, but all persons planning to attend should handle their motel reservations directly with the North Plaza. All Burroughs Bibliophiles and fans are urged to attend.

NOTICE

For the past several years I have been passing out Burroughs fanzines free of charge to any fan that took the trouble to drop me a postcard requesting copies. By the time I started publishing the Burroughs Bulletin in offset, my mailing list was over the one thousand mark. As much as I enjoyed publishing the BB it became too expensive to continue on a regular schedule. My mailing list has been weeded down to just over 500 fans. All of you will receive this Gridley Wave and all future GW's. However, in the future my Burroughs Bulletin will be sent only to members of the Burroughs Bibliophiles. The next BB features TARGAN AND THE GOLDEN LION and THE CITY OF UNBORN EYES, a history of Oper. Join now! Dues: \$1.00 annually.

A LISTING OF THE TARZAN STORY-STRIPS, BIG LITTLE BOOKS AND ASSOCIATED ITEMS

Since the appearance of BS #12, which contained listings of much ERB material that was new to many fans, I have been deluged with requests for more detailed listings of the Tarzan Comics and Big-Little Books. I've also had fans ask where they might obtain copies of the "Big-Little Book" titles, TARZAN AND A DARING RESCUE, TARZAN & HIS JUNGLE BROTHERS, etc. Well, there are no such Big-Little Books. The titles exist, but they are not Big-Little books! To clear up some of the confusion that exists about such titles and the comic strips I am publishing a listing of both comics and Big-Little books.

The following listing of the daily Tarzan cartoon strip is concerned only with the original story-strips that, for the most part, were illustrated condensations of the Burroughs novels. There has been no effort to include the date of publication of these various story-strips, simply because these early strips had no specific publication date. TARZAN OF THE APES, the first story-strip, appeared in January 1929, but if a newspaper decided to run the series in 1935, it could start with the then current release or go back to the original story-strip, TARZAN OF THE APES, and run it from the beginning. Many newspapers did the latter, and therefore, the strips were never dated, but numbered and lettered. In the corner of the strip where the date is usually put, you would find a letter and a number. For instance, say the code was K-16. It would mean that the serial was episode 16 of TARZAN THE UNTAMED. In the following list, the letter before each title is the code letter for that story. The number in parenthesis following the title is the number of episodes in that story. The number in front of the artist's name is the amount of illustrations the artist did for that story. Most of the series consisted of a panel of four illustrations with text below. The big exception to this was TARZAN OF THE APES, which had a daily panel of five illustrations. Also, it should be mentioned that a six-episode condensation of Porter's TARZAN OF THE APES strip was made available to papers just starting the series, to be used as an introductory feature.

Tarzan Story Strips

1-TARZAN OF THE APES (60)	300	Maxon
A-RETURN OF TARZAN (60)	239	Maxon
B-BEASTS OF TARZAN (64)	336	Maxon
C-SON OF TARZAN (96)	364	Maxon
D-TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR (102)	406	Maxon
E-TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE (94)	336	Maxon
F-TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION (96)	364	Maxon
G-TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE (96)	364	Maxon
H-TARZAN AT THE EARTH'S CORE (96)	364	Maxon
I-TARZAN THE TERRIBLE (108)	431	Maxon
J-TARZAN AND THE AZT MEX (128)	503	Maxon
K-TARZAN THE UNTAMED (240)	957	Maxon

(for the first time the daily strip story deviates from the Burroughs original. Condensation of ERB's WW #1 story become "Reds" in 1935-36 strip version...and there is a series of flashback sequences in which the story of Pat Conby's childhood in India is told, including the events that led to her growing up to become "Olga", the Red spy.)

L-TARZAN THE APE-MAN (136)	552	Maxon
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(based on the original Weissmuller MGM film, this closely follows the story-line of the movie. The reader is told that Tarzan has suffered a blow on the head, causing amnesia. "Jane" becomes "Jean" Parker. In the concluding episodes of the strip, Tarzan is slugged by Holt, causing him to regain his memory. Holt gets Jean in this version.)

M-TARZAN THE INVINCIBLE (174)	696	Maxon
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N-TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD (150)	600	Maxon
O-TARZAN AND THE LION MAN (158)	552	Maxon
P-TARZAN AND THE FINE GOLD (162)	648	Maxon

(this is the strip version of TARZAN TRUMPHANT, with some deviation from original.)

Q-TARZAN TWINS (102)	406	Maxon
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(follows original story, but a few episodes about Tarzan's adventures while searching for the Twins add new material.)

R-TARZAN AND THE LEPARD MEN (150)	601	Maxon
S-TARZAN AND THE MAYAN GODDESS (150)	600	Maxon

(strip version of NEW ADVENTURES OF TARZAN.)

T-TARZAN'S QUEST (162)	648	Maxon
U-TARZAN THE MACHINIST (96)	364	Maxon
V-TARZAN UNDER FIRE (84)	336	Maxon

(strip version of TARZAN AND THE TARZAN TWINS WITH JAIL-BAIL-JA. Tarzan is jailed on false charges, his escape and adventures trailing the Twins, and their ultimate rescue by the ape-man. Adds new material.)

W-TARZAN THE PEAKLESS (96)	364	Maxon
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(based on the Porter Crabbe film, the strip version tells of a native tribe worshipping a tree-god and Tarzan rescuing Dr. Brooks and his daughter Mary from the human sacrifice new of the idol.)

X-TARZAN AND THE FOUNTAIN CITY (132)	528	Maxon
Y-TARZAN AND THE ELEPHANT MEN (114)	456	Maxon

(part 2 of TARZAN THE MACHINIST.)

Z-TARZAN AND THE FIVES OF FOUR (162)	648	Maxon
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(this, the final story in the illustrated text series, was of original material. The story was reprinted in Dell one-shot #648, illustrated by Jesse Marsh.)

BIG LITTLE BOOKS AND ASSOCIATED ITEMS

In 1933 the Whitman Publishing Company placed on the counters of five and ten cent stores the first three titles of a series of books destined to cause a minor revolution in the publishing field. They were called Big Little Books. These were about 3-3/4 x 4 1/2 inches in size with text on one page and an illustration on facing page. There were a few deviations in size and format through the years, but the above proved to be the standard make-up of most of the Whitman series. For the most part they were reprints of popular comic strips and stories based on movies, illustrated with scenes from the film. The Big Little Books proved so popular that Whitman began publishing original material...pre-dating "comic-book" originals by several years. Within a couple of years about a dozen publishers were competing with Whitman with their own versions of the Big Little Books. Goodfield published the Little-Big Book series, Dell came out with West Action Books, and there were also the Lynn Books, Five-Star Library, and a similar series published by World Pub. Co., Goldsmith Pub. Co., MacLoughlin Bros., and others. These varied in size and format, but all were imitations of the popular Big Little Books originated by Whitman. In later years, due to all the imitations, Whitman started calling their series The Better Little Books.

Burroughs-wise, we are concerned only with the Whitman and Dell publications. In the following listing I have not attempted to place the books in order of appearance. The date of publication and the name of publisher follow the book title. The numbers refer to the books serial numbers. Size is listed only when it varies from standard 3-3/4 x 4 1/2 inches. The term "giveaway" refers to the fact that the book was never sold, but given away as advertisement or premium by various merchants.

TARZAN OF THE APES #744	1933-Whitman covers by Juanita Bennett. 308 illustrations by Juanita Bennett, 307 originals, 1 reprinted as frontis. big little cartoon book.
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(Continued on page 8)

AT THE BOOK'S CORE

In the first place, I do not expect you to believe the remarkable narrative that is to follow as I can hardly believe it myself, but as I let my eyes fall upon a small, satin lined box lying open on the far end of my desk, its contents scintillating gorgeously against the rays of my small desk lamp, I am most convincingly assured that what I have passed through was in no way the delusion of an overwrought imagination and it actually happened the way I am about to tell it. For in that satin lined box lies a diamond studded locket containing two time-faded photographs—one of a ruggedly handsome, black-haired young man—the other of a beautiful, fair-haired woman who couldn't have been much more than a girl.

This locket has become the subject of much comment and admiration among those who have seen it and although I have withheld the real truth as to where I acquired it, I have answered questions regarding it truthfully enough without any exaggerated attempts to explain how it came into my possession and the real purpose of its being here. Only to you ardent students of history can this priceless heirloom, with its faded photographs, bring to light the incredible truth of the wonderful series of events of which I was fortunate enough to have been part.

It was several months ago that my family and I were invited to spend our summer vacation in the Catskills at the country estate of a mutual friend—mutual to the extent that both he and I were the truest followers...and the severest critics...of the works of a certain historical novelist. I enthusiastically accepted and wrote him that we would arrive on a certain date in the middle of August—my vacation running from that date through Labor Day.

The day before we were to leave I was unexpectedly called to Chicago on a matter of business not connected with my profession and which, unfortunately, I could not put off. As this urgent matter would require my presence in the Windy City for the better part of two weeks, I told my family to proceed to the Catskills without me and that I would join them immediately upon my return at the conclusion of my business.

All of this—my trip to Chicago and the invitation to the Catskills—has nothing whatever to do with this narrative...it merely serves as the basis for a certain date on the calendar which has everything to do with it.

After a succession of unanticipated delays, which prolonged my stay in Illinois, I arrived home on the evening of August 31st and made immediate preparations to join my family on the morrow. Before retiring that evening I made myself comfortable in my living room, my thoughts entirely occupied upon the forthcoming discussions concerning our esteemed novelist upon my arrival at my friend's estate. I was concentrating upon a certain subject in one of the author's books—a subject with which my friend and I had at one time been in complete disagreement—and was about to arise and cross the room to my bookcase for further reference when I was startled out of my reverie by a voice deep and rich, saying: "Possibly I can help you."

My heart leaped upward as I turned sharply to where the voice emanated; and there, standing directly in front of my bookcase, was a man of medium height, stocky build and perfect posture. I rubbed my eyes, opened them again...and he was still there, smiling. My lower jaw sagged slowly downward in amazement, for I recognized him at once.

"Edgar Rice Burroughs!" I managed to gasp. "Is it really you, or merely the result of my tired nerves and my thoughts of you and yours during the past hour? Am I asleep and dreaming?"

With an effort I pushed myself to my feet as the famous author slowly crossed the room toward me with outstretched arm. "No, my friend," he said, "you are not dreaming, nor am I a figment of your imagination." I took the proffered handshake and he asked, "Does that feel like the hand of a disembodied spirit?" I must admit that it didn't.

"No," I answered, "but—but—you died—you—" I reddened and he came to my rescue.

"Yes, I died," and Mr. Burroughs sat down on the sofa and crossed his legs. I also resumed my seat and he continued, "I died ten years ago, but did not John Carter also die—twice? Was not Ulysses Faxon killed in action on a French battlefield? Did you not read of these two and their marvelous adventures after their deaths?"

"Yes, certainly," I was forced to admit, "but even though I believe your stories as being true and authentic accounts of their characters' deeds and adventures, I could never allow myself to be permitted to accept the fact that Carter and Faxon arrived on Mars only after first being killed, or dying, here on Earth. I always thought that you might have used that means of getting them to Mars simply because they didn't really know how they got there originally themselves, for many similar things have happened here on Earth, proving fact to be stranger than fiction!"

"Very well said," approved Mr. Burroughs. "Yes, many strange happenings have occurred where a person has found himself in the farthest and remotest corner of the world, or in the midst of a great city, not knowing how or when he got there; but in the case of John Carter and Faxon, it is as it's been recorded. I did not devise their deaths as an expedient to explain their adventures upon the Red Planet. My being here should dissolve any doubts that it is possible!"

"Yes," I answered, "it certainly should—and does. But tell me, is this your first venture at returning to Earth? Have you visited anyone else? And why, of all people, me? Surely, your family—"

"Hold on," interrupted my visitor with a short laugh. "One question at a time. I was about to disclose my purpose of being here," and he looked at the clock on the fireplace mantel significantly, as he said, "Ten minutes past midnight—September 1st."

For a full minute his last words reeled in my stunned brain until the slow light of understanding began to filter through the darkness. "Why, it's your birthday!" I finally cried. "Today's your birthday. I should have known instantly as I know it as well as my own."

My visitor nodded with evident satisfaction. "It is my birthday," he said, "and that is precisely why I am here. First of all, may I say that I cannot visit my family for obvious reasons which I need not explain. Secondly, I have returned to Earth once before, five years ago today, and visited my good friend of many years, Jason Gridley of Teranga, whom I'm sure you know very well. Now as to the purpose of my visit—Each year on this date of the Earthly calendar a party is given by all of my friends of whom I have had the honor and privilege of chronicling their adventures. While seemingly unimportant to me, my friends deem it a worthwhile and gala occasion and treat it as such. Each year, for

the past ten years, all of these people came from their homes to meet under one roof—they came from many places here on Earth—from Pellucidar, Antor and Barsoom—they came from the past as well as the future. Once every five years I have been asked to come to Earth, for the purpose of inviting to this gay affair a firm believer and follower of the adventures of these people, part of whose lives I have recorded and published. There are many questions which could be answered at such a party—questions which my faulty memory has left open to much controversy. It is on Gridley, as you know, was one of my first skeptics and critics; but through his own ingenuity and inventive success with his marvelous radio wave, he first contacted Pellucidar, and later Barsoom, and since then has been one of the staunch supporters of the authenticity of my stories. As I said, I visited him five years ago and offered him the same opportunity—which he accepted—that I am about to make to you. Incidentally, have you ever met Jason?"

"Not personally," I answered, "only through your books; but I have been on the verge of making a trip to Tarzana for a number of years but kept putting it off. I intended to visit your former home and office, and also to meet Gridley."

Mr. Burroughs stretched his legs before him, leaned back on the sofa and continued: "Now," he said, "Would you like to return with me and meet all of your friends of my stories? Each will be glad to answer any questions you may have in mind, to say nothing of the status you will have as an honored guest."

I squirmed uncomfortably on my chair and with a whimsical smile I leaned forward toward my visitor. Finally I replied: "I still cannot believe that all this is real and is actually happening to me," and getting to my feet I began to pace rapidly back and forth between the French doors and the sofa where Mr. Burroughs sat eyeing me intently. I stopped in front of him and threw discretion to the winds. "Come what may I am with you," I cried. "Take me to this wonderful and if all this is but a dream, I pray that I may never wake up but," and I looked down at my visitor on the sofa, "how can I possibly—"

Mr. Burroughs interrupted my gesture, arose and laid his hand on my arm. "Come," he said, "just walk along with me, staying very close, and do not balk at a seeming obstruction. Keep walking as though it weren't there." He led me at a slow pace toward my bookcase just across the room. We were near the bookcase now and I was preparing myself for the sudden jar that I was sure would come as we came against it, for I could see that Mr. Burroughs had no intention of stopping. As I took the last step, which I was positive would bring me to a dead stop against the face of the bookcase, I closed my eyes instinctively; but I felt nothing as my foot encountered no obstacle to bar my progress. My eyes snapped open and I found myself in utter darkness. I felt panic slowly closing in on me as the complete impossibility of the matter entered my consciousness, but the sensation of that reassuring hand on my arm tended to quell my fears, and we continued on.

After what seemed like hours but couldn't have been more than seconds, my eyes perceived faint rays emanating from what seemed like a pin-point of solid light, and as we approached closer I could see that it was taking the form of an open archway from which the rays, now brilliant, revealed to me for the first time what sort of passageway we were traversing. I could see that the floor tapered gently upward and the roof downward, with both sides forming the same pattern but gradually extending outward the further back they came. The entire corridor must have been shaped like a tall pyramid lying on

its side, for I now realized that since we started we had been gradually walking uphill, however slight.

We passed through the archway, which formed the apex to the pyramid-shaped corridor, into a brilliantly lighted room, of tremendous proportions, at one side of which was a large, oblong shaped, series of tables around which sat a great number of people in various forms of attire.

I could not retain an exclamation of surprise as we neared the tables; for there, sitting before me, was the entire group of characters which I had heretofore known through the medium of the author's stories—and had no difficulty in recognizing.

My visitor, now my host, led me toward the head of the array of tables where two empty chairs awaited. He bid me be seated, while he remained standing, and spoke.

"My friends," he said, "I have done as you wished and have returned with a representative of the vast audience which comprises the readers of your exploits through my recordings. No doubt there are many questions to be asked regarding seeming inconsistencies in these exploits; and at the conclusion of our report, I would be obliged if you would answer any such questions as our guest may put before you."

I observed that virtually the entire company nodded in assent as Mr. Burroughs sat down, and the banquet began. More words alone cannot describe such a meal. Sufficient to say that such delicacies never before touched my palate and it was with regret that I could set no more when I finally leaned back in my chair with an audible sigh of satisfaction.

The meal over, I let my eyes drift across the row of familiar faces before me. There was Tarzan of the Apes, sitting directly opposite me, flanked by his wife and son, a son whose resemblance to his father was so striking that it took a second glance for me to see that they were not twin brothers—two mighty figures indeed! On Korak's left sat the beautiful Merim, his wife.

As my eyes returned to the gris, but kindly, features of the ape-men, I saw the thin white line of a scar that stretched across his forehead—faint but still discernible. The fascination of the scar held my eyes fixed to it for a full minute, and as I felt the embarrassment of the stare creeping over me I addressed the Jungle Lord.

"Tell me," I asked, "in which particular battle you received that scar? It seems to me that I recall your first encounter with the great ape, Terkoz, as being the one in which your scalp was torn so badly that one section hung down over your eye, and after healing that it was this scar which turned crimson in anger. In later books it is recorded that it was your memorable fight with Belgami the gorilla which gave you the scar."

Tarzan smiled. "I presume," he said, "that you mean the first battle with Belgami, when I was a lad of ten. I was greatly mauled and as near death as I ever expect to be, but it was not Belgami who did this," and the ape-man touched himself on the forehead. "Let me explain it this way," he went on. "As you know, throughout the entire series of my adventures the jungle creatures are called by their names in the language of the great apes—Hume is lion, Morta is bear, and so on. After I finally killed Terkoz that particular name passed forever from the series while the scar remained. While Terkoz was not a gorilla, in the sense of the word, Mr. Burroughs thought it would be proper, and I agree, if he referred to this battle as being with Belgami the gorilla as opposed to Terkoz the ape, or Kingani the ape—for in every way Terkoz was fully as formidable a foe as any gorilla I have seen

or encountered. Mr. Burroughs merely substituted a well known name, Bolgami, instead of Terkos, the given name of one particular ape that would mean little or nothing to new readers. Can you see the logic of this?"

"Yes," I admitted, "but how do you account for the fact that in the book 'Tarzan and the Foreign Legion' it is stated specifically that your scar was caused in your fight with the gorilla when you were a boy."

The Lord of the Jungle was quick to reply. "That was an interpretation on the part of the person who said it—one of the Dutch guerrillas. I believe—not an error on the author's part. He is a chronicler of events, including dialogue, and he added with finality, 'he cannot be held responsible for what another says.'"

All through the meal just concluded, I had noticed that Lady Greystoke seemed to favor her left hand in her actions.

"I beg your pardon," I said, addressing her, "but I couldn't help but notice that you ate with your left hand. Tell me, are you left handed?"

"Why, yes," and Lady Greystoke looked a trifle surprised, as though this was a fact which I ought to have known. "I'm sure you recall that this was suggested in one of the books."

I didn't, but I meant to find out. "Please forgive my ignorance," I apologized, "but if I did read of it I have since forgotten."

Jane Clayton flashed a smile that melted my innards. "Do not feel badly," she laughed, "as it may have escaped the scrutiny of many. You remember, of course, when our party was marooned by the mutineers of the ARROW. Do you recall the letter I was writing to my friend Hazel Strong one night in the cabin of Tarzan's father? This letter was stolen by Tarzan and he found it difficult to read; not because it was written in longhand, for by this time he had mastered reading script, as well as print, from the few letters he had found belonging to his father. The reason he had such a difficult time recognizing 'the strange little bugs' of my letter was due to the fact that I, like most left handed persons, incline my hand writing to the left. Now Tarzan tried to read it he found 'all his little friends' badly bent, as all the whorls tilted in the opposite direction from what he was accustomed to reading."

As Lady Greystoke finished I made a mental note to refer to Chapter XVIII of 'Tarzan of the Apes' at my first opportunity, for I must confess that this bit of news had escaped my perusal.

My eyes now traveled down the length of the table until they rested upon a figure of perfect carriage who sat, resplendent, in the colorful trappings befitting his rank of Warlord of Merv—the master swordsmen of two worlds, John Carter of Virginia.

"John Carter," I said, "the last I heard of you, you were on Jupiter entering the village of your friend Zen Bar, after escaping from the Morgore. Tell me, was that the end of your adventures on that great planet?"

"No," replied the Warlord, "there was much more that happened before I effected the rescue of the Princess of Helium and our eventual return to Mars, but for reasons known only to me those happenings were never published."

"I certainly would like to hear of them," I prompted, thinking of the notoriety that would be mine as the only person to know the continuation of the unfinished novel, part of which appeared under the title, 'Skeleton Man of Jupiter.'"

John Carter smiled tolerantly. "I certainly would be more than glad to tell the story to you," he said, "but I'm afraid time would not permit it. Perhaps some day in the future those unfinished adventures will come to light publicly. Who knows?"

With this I had to be content, for I could see

the futility of his beginning a long story, the better part of which would fill an entire novel; for I knew that my stay in this chamber of wonders would be too limited to permit me to hear it.

I glanced from the Warlord to the woman at this side—the incomparable Dejah Thoris whose beauty had sent nations at each others throats—nor could I doubt it. From Dejah Thoris' own beauty my eyes went to Garthoris and Thuvia; Tara of Helium, Gehen of Gathol and Liens and their daughter; Tardos Mors, Mors Kajak and others, one of whom was Tan Hadron of Haster. As my eyes rested on him I decided to settle a question which entered my mind the moment I saw him.

"The last I heard of you," I said, addressing Hadron, "you were being borne toward parts unknown, a prisoner of the mutineers of the DESAR, and never heard of again. What effected your subsequent return to Helium, or is that also part of another story, yet untold?"

The light of reminiscence reflected in Tan Hadron's eyes as he replied. "Yes, my adventures were many after the assassins deserted the Prince of Helium and carried me away aboard the flier DESAR, and the reason it was not brought out as to what happened to me was because that incident was the beginning of a remarkable tale of conflict and emotions, destined to take me through strange lands and to overcome insurmountable obstacles as I gazed upon my beloved Haster again. As in the case of the Warlord, the author had not the opportunity to set down these adventures, thus they never became known." I had thought that that was the case, but I said nothing.

There were many questions I asked in that great chamber that morning—questions directed to David Innes, Billy Byrne, Carson Napier, Shot-Mijji, Borman of Torn, The Red Hawk, Gordon King, Waldo Emerson Smith-Jones and many others, all of whom were seated there before me; but, as all things must come to an end, so did this banquet, and I reluctantly had to take my leave.

Accompanied by Mr. Burroughs and Tarzan of the Apes, I started the slow trek toward the apertures at the far end of the great room.

"I hope your visit here," the master story teller was saying, "has served you well, and that it has helped to clarify the issues in point which have become the subject of much discussion between yourself and your colleagues."

"It's certainly been the moment of a lifetime for me," I remarked, "to be held sacred for posterity, but," and I stopped and looked at Mr. Burroughs, "who is ever going to believe it?"

"Take this and they will believe," said the voice of Tarzan of the Apes from behind me. I whirled in time to see him remove the priceless locket he wore around his neck—the locket that has been part of the Lord of the Jungle since that long gone day when he came across it in the cabin of his father on that lonely African shore.

"But...but...I can't take...this," I stammered incoherently, "I..."

"Keep it for a time," said the ape-man, "and show it to those who know of it. After you have done this I shall reclaim it. One morning you shall wake up, and it will be gone, and you will know that I have it again."

I was quite speechless as I accepted the locket in his open palm, and we continued on, through the archway into the dim light of the corridor, I felt the grip of a hand upon each of my arms as we passed into complete darkness.

Again that interminable walk through the pitch black of the abyss, and I felt the grip on my arms relax an instant before I came to a stop—directly in front of the bookcase in my own living room...alone!

And that is the story exactly as it happened. I can only say that it is true, for it happened to me. To most of you with rational minds the

plausibility of such happenings is utterly ridiculous, but who is to confirm or deny the existence of the strange forces which are constantly in our midst? Who is there among you who can truthfully reject the credulity of this remarkable tale? Come before me with proofs that these things cannot happen and that such forces do not exist; and while you are here, examine the contents of a small, satin lined box—lying here now, not two feet from me, but hurry... HURRY...

the end of an experience by William Gilmore

BIG LITTLE BOOKS (continued from page 4)

RETURN OF TARZAN #1102 1936-Whitman covers by unknown artist. 209 illustrations by Rex Maxon reprinted from strip. big little book.

EASTS OF TARZAN #1410 1937-Whitman covers by Hal Arbo. 218 illustrations by Rex Maxon reprinted from strip. big little book.

SON OF TARZAN #1497 1939-Whitman cover by Henry Vallery. 209 illustrations by Rex Maxon reprinted from strip. better little book.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR #1495 '40-Whitman cover by Robert R. Weisman. 214 illustrations by Rex Maxon reprinted from strip. better little book.

ARZAN THE UNTAMED #1452 1941-Whitman cover by John Coleman Burroughs. 209 illustrations by Rex Maxon reprinted from strip. this book contains a cartoon movie by J. C. Burroughs, that is animated by flipping the pages of the book. better little book.

TARZAN THE TERRIBLE #1453 1942-Whitman cover by John Coleman Burroughs. 210 illustrations by Rex Maxon reprinted from strip. also contains flip-page animated cartoon by J. C. B. better little book.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION #1448 1943-Whitman cover by John Coleman Burroughs. 209 illustrations. 204 by Rex Maxon reprinted from strip, the first five illustrations are not Maxon drawings. better little book.

TARZAN AND THE ART MEN #1444 1945-Whitman cover by John Coleman Burroughs. 191 illustrations by Rex Maxon reprinted from strip. better little book.

TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE #1407 1946-Whitman cover copied from Rex Maxon drawing in strip G-41. 173 illustrations by Rex Maxon reprinted from strip. better little book.

ARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE #1442 1948-Whitman cover by Jesse Marsh. 141 illustrations by Rex Maxon reprinted from strip. better little book.

TARZAN IN THE LAND OF THE GIANT APES '49-Whitman #1467 cover by Jesse Marsh. 140 illustrations by Jesse Marsh. story and illustrations reprinted from Dell one-shot #134, TARZAN AND THE DEVIL OGRE. better little book.

TARZAN OF THE SCREEN #778 1934-Whitman "The Story of Johnny Weissmuller" covers are scenes from photoplays. illustrated with 111 scenes from photoplays, 52 from APE-MAN and 59 from MATE. contains life story of Weissmuller plus summaries of the two films, APE-MAN and MATE. big little book.

TARZAN ESCAPES #1182 1936-Whitman covers are scenes from photoplay. illustrated with 76 scenes from photoplay. story follows original script for CAPTURE OF TARZAN. big little book.

TARZAN THE FEARLESS #769 1934-Whitman covers are scenes from the photoplay. illustrated with 50 scenes from photoplay. story derives from film version. big little book.

TARZAN'S REVENGE #1466 1936-Whitman covers by Robert R. Weisman. 207 illustrations by Juanita Bennett. big little book.

TARZAN TWINS #770 1935-Whitman covers by Hal Arbo. 189 illustrations by J.

Bennett. a slightly condensed version of the book with some rewriting. big little book.

JOHN CARTER OF MARS #1402 1940-Whitman cover by John Coleman Burroughs. 209 illustrations by J. C. B. condensed reprint of first 7 1/2 chapters of JOHN CARTER & THE GIANT OF MARS. last 15 pages of b-l-b story not in original version. better little book.

NEW ADVENTURES OF TARZAN #1180 1935-Whitman covers are scenes from photoplay. illustrated with 66 scenes from photoplay. big little book size 4-3/4 x 5 1/2.

TARZAN AND THE JOURNEY OF TERROR 1950-Whitman #709-10 cover by Jesse Marsh. 186 illustrations by Jesse Marsh. story and illustrations reprinted from Dell's Tarzan #7, Jan.-Feb., 1949, TARZAN IN THE VALLEY OF MONSTERS. this is the final book in the big/better little book series about Tarzan. size about 3 1/2 x 5 1/2 new better little book.

TARZAN OF THE APES 1935-Whitman cover by Juanita Bennett. 23 illustrations by Juanita Bennett reprinted from the big little book. synopsis of TARZAN OF THE APES. size about 3 1/2 x 5-5/8; 48 pages. giveaway.

TARZAN TWINS 1935-Whitman cover by Juanita Bennett. 23 illustrations by J. Bennett reprinted from the big little book. synopsis of TARZAN TWINS. size about 3 1/2 x 5-5/8, 48 pages. giveaway.

TARZAN AND HIS JUNGLE MYSTERY 1936-Whitman cover by Juanita Bennett. 63 illustrations by J. Bennett reprinted from the big little book. condensed version of last half of TARZAN OF THE APES. size about 3 1/2 x 3-3/4, 128 pages. distributed by Lily-Tulip Cup Corp., for saving 12 Tarzan ice cream cup lids. giveaway.

TARZAN AND A DARING RESCUE 1938-Whitman front cover by Juanita Bennett. back cover is reproduction of Tarzan billboard ad for Pan-Am Oil Co. inside covers also Tarzan Pan-Am ads. 31 illustrations by Rex Maxon reprinted from RETURN OF TARZAN strip. story is re-write of episode from RETURN with names of persons and places changed. size about 3 1/2 x 3-3/4, 64 pages. distributed free at Pan-Am service stations. giveaway.

TARZAN IN THE GOLDEN CITY 1938-Whitman front cover copied from Hogarth drawing. back cover is reproduction of Tarzan billboard ad for Pan-Am Oil Co. inside covers also Tarzan Pan-Am ads. 31 illustrations by Rex Maxon reprinted from RETURN OF TARZAN strip. story is re-write of episode from RETURN. size about 3 1/2 x 3-3/4, 64 pages. distributed free by Pan-Am service stations. giveaway.

TARZAN WITH THE TARZAN TWINS IN THE JUNGLE DELL (1938) cover copied from J. Bennett drawing. 95 illustrations by J. Bennett reprinted from Whitman's TARZAN TWINS b-l-b. story is condensed version of b-l-b. Dec and Dick become Bob and Don in this one. size 4 x 5 1/2, 192 pages. fast-action book

TARZAN THE AVENGER 1939-Dell cover by Dick Moores. 95 illustrations by Rex Maxon reprinted from SON OF TARZAN strip. a re-write of episodes from SON with names of persons and places changed. Tarzan replaces Korak, Merion becomes Aimee, etc. concluding lines of book read: "With Tarzan's arm about her waist, and Timbah (Akut) at her side, Aimee walked joyously into the jungle." size 4 x 5 1/2, 192 pages. fast-action book.

JOHN CARTER OF MARS 1940-Dell cover copied from Elsie Gordon drawing. 95 illustrations reprinted from Dell's FUTURE MYSTERY. story adapted from first 19 chapters of A FUTURE OF MARS. size 4 x 5 1/2, 192 pages. fast-action book.

Additional listings of ERE items will appear in future issues of this publication.